

SHEER

50¢

ADULT ONLY

Volume No

RAMONA ROGERS

IN THIS ISSUE
8 BONUS PAGES

Two
Center Pages
in FULL COLOR

Sheer

Volume 1 No. 7

✽

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✽

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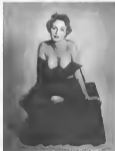
Growing bigger and better with every issue, Sheer is bringing you one of the greatest collections of photographic models ever assembled under one name. A good example is not over yet, Jane Fonda is the left and Geraldine Ferraro above. Check inside for further photos of these two beauties.



Blonde above gets down off the fence for an extremely unusual turnabout on Page 24. Contents below is only one of many featured on this issue.



Blonde model above took to the cool water for an extremely hot of back-to-front posing on Page 16. Blonde below barely with the same and her appearance on Page 21 is even better.





Brunette cover girl pushed through grape vines to be a pleasant surprise here except this is probably the best study of the series and perhaps like the dessert, it should have been saved for the last. Notice that on

these two pages are an apparent wealth of backgrounds but this is only typical of what one can discover if the location is carefully chosen.





Below right is a better known of the elements of water of that it is to show that the model would appear quite nude from any angle. Notice the natural beauty exemplified in model's expression.



Follows of the plastic silhouette. Although shadows are used to make the body of the model. But right can be achieved by lighting from behind, not as natural as the above, showing a back.



There would have to be with her posture as the best of the women. Model beautifully framed by the clear whiteness of the negligee—only adds to the natural beauty

of the woman's complexion. Graced over here with the light of a more luminous complexion and from more graceful lines than a flattered complexion shows.



They say a blonde stands out in a crowd mainly because golden hair is naturally flashy. But we feel that blonde stands out all by herself and has every right attention that the hair is able to get nothing wanting.

This lovely, naturally arranged hair was achieved after the hairdresser who was attempting over-enthusiastic action on her mass of long locks, then told Jones to "be less miserably so the long continues." Added a second, though she is strictly a long girl. Just as shy as her hair makes her pose so expertly that she is able today to remain more beautiful than ever.



Any girl longer in world would long for a figure like this, but it is usually the price. Try the above from an eye model and check the results.

FAITH AND DECORRA,
THE GLE' BOO HAS
NEVER LIKE THIS!



NO HARP, NO SHAMROCK

By CONNIE JOHNSON

(When a man's kind of this world
he should leave it. But that points a
problem.)

Fat Dugan threw back his head
and yelled "Thinkers!" just for the
hell of it. There was nobody written
under to hate, and that's the way he
liked it. The giant redwood crayed
and crashed down through lower
trees to rock the earth.

Stomping his way, Fat climbed
along the slagger hole to the top
of the tree. It was then he noticed
the foot sticking out of the black
green branches.

He stared down at it, knowing it
was impossible, that he was the only
man in this end of the entire Palo
Colorado canyon. Sick of the
overcast gloominess of the world, he
had picked this lonely job and this
lonely spot. Now, far away from
trouble, trouble had found him.

The foot trembled and branches
showered. Out of them pushed a
wretched, outragged face, accented
by a straggly beard. "It's showing

mess down on people is it? Don't
just be standing there, you great
old fella; get out, or I'll take me
stick to ya."

Fat reached down a big hand and
threw the little old man onto
cracks, redwood and splintering. Fat
stared, for the man was a Jew,
but much over those feet tell.

"So might want a man before ya
throw him at him," the dwarf said.
"I yelled louder," Fat said, "even
though I was the only man in an
mile."

The old man puggled. "And what
do I look like—Her Majesty the
Mistress Queen?"

Now that he had brought it up,
Fat thought the old man looked like
nothing he had ever seen before.
The old clothing was worn green
leather and the shoes currently up
turned. And the tongue—

"What's your name, dad?" Fat
asked.

The little man hopped up and
down. "Dad? That's a he-man in

me name is Shaver. No one of mine
could be so great and ugly."

Fat reached closer. "There are not
down. Handmade?"

"Notably. No damned machine
for me. But small one there is for
brought down these days."

Shaver made a squinting noise
and tried to pump oil the leg. Fat's
head twisted in the old man's belt
and held him looking and repeating
no machine.

"That good?" Fat said.

All the ancient names of Conn
man rolled off Shaver's tongue,
laden by solid American profanity.
Fat held him at arm's length until
the old man ran out of words.

"I know you," Fat said. "You're
one of the little people. I was just
when you admitted being a shoe-
maker."

Shaver twisted to stare at him.
"Little people? Are ya daft? Super-
stition, that what it is, ignorant re-
position. And that only so Kiki
kiss the great god of me. What
would a Yankee know of the little
people?"

"My name is Dugan—Patrick
Dugan."

Shaver screwed up his face. "An
O'Connell, no doubt?"

Fat shook his head. "My family
came from Dublin."

Shaver hung limp. "A Dubliner
who shows down, is it? That not
leave?"

Fat grinned. "Not so fast, luvvies. Where's your gold?"

"Gold, indeed," Shaven mumbled. "An old woman told: There are loons, I say."

Fat lowered Shaven's foot to the bog, and switched gaze to the rest of his party. "The gold?"

"Gold is out of fashion and against the law," Shaven pointed out. "It can't spend."

"I can exchange it at a bank."

A fortune would solve all his problems, Fat thought. It could mean a chance to get away from Dublin, to escape as neatly as possible to yesterday. Fat wanted a hot wire, quiet place without wars and expanding wars without holes, hot for women.

"Banks are unfortunately," Shaven said. "They'll give ya green paper in place of the lovely metal. You'd allow that?"

"I would," Fat said. "I'd go see Dublin first. Then I'd buy a small house for out in the bog."

"A dirty city! Dublin," Shaven protested. "All crowded with beggars and Orangemen. The whiskey is terrible. And the bogs? Too cold for house, lad."

Fat shook the seat of Shaven's pants.

"Have ye no money in your black house?" Shaven yelled. "I swore the day the O'Neils conspired to the run, you'd lead taking me and mine with you. They went bad, anyway. One of us returned as English women."

Fat lifted the old man again and held him upturning in the air. "They say," Shaven said. "It's the gold I'm after."

"I'll know ye for a Yankee any where," Shaven said. "Your account's terrible."

Fat shook him.

"All right," Shaven spat. "Though I say: To have me run under-the pits advanced ye should be for attracting a helpless old man."

Fat tucked the luvvies under one arm and stepped down off the bog. He leaned his arm against the railroad hole. "Now—which way to your treasure?"

"An interest," Shaven said. "Every day one under one arm like a pig did. If ye were only next me now, I'd play the 'Wrens' O' the Green on your thick head with me stick. Fat me down, and I'll try it, any how."



Continued on Page 12

Page's fat body slumped out of its clothing, wondrous and flowing.

"Oh, no," Pat said. "How you say that you lead me to your pot of gold?"

"To a stubborn man ye are," Shaven sighed. "But mind you, it's no pot of gold—just a little bag. Gold's hard to come by these days; guards all over the place at Fort Knox."

Pat blushed. "You make it?"

"Of course. You a big agriculturalist, but like you wouldn't be handling stolen goods, would ye?"

Pat frightened his arm and Shaven yanked. "Take care, ye minister! The lasses are old and feeble. It d'n't is greatly ye are all that way just the whole man yander."

With a tight grip on the lapel-shawl, Pat set off like a dandy married maid. In a few moments he made out the mouth of a cave, cunningly hidden behind a screen of huckleberry bushes.

"No home," Shaven muttered. "All cold and damp, ye won't like it."

Pat did like it. He had to stoop through the opening, but once inside, he could straighten up easily. The interior was dry and warm, sloping far back into the depths of the hill. There were ferns, herbs, and mushrooms the air smelled of chamomile, hought and breezily green. And of something else—irresistible and delicious, something that made Pat's stomach rumble for its owner.

"Put me down," Shaven said. "Hold to me, hoodlum. If ye want, but I'll not have it and Shaven of Connemara can't be a proper host."

Well, Pat's fingers hooked in his pants; the little man walked awkwardly to a blackberry cabinet. He brought out a dusty bottle and held it up. "Honest, potter?" He said. "Ye'll find nothing like it in Dublin Street—I got the caps."

The caps themselves were extraordinary. To Pat's marvel was the reason of this. There was Dunlop and his great wheel, the Oxford one belted on the towers of Balliolston, and the three wallflowers of Ireland hanging against a flag.

Shaven chuckled and poured the sparkling potter into the caps. Pat stared at them. Shaven, Pat lifted one and nibbled the sticky flavor of peat bog and pine wood, spiced by the kiss of salt marsh.

"This go bright," said Shaven.

"Amen," echoed Pat Dugan, and downed the whiskey.

There was a dry rattle in the lapel-shawl's eye. "Another?"

Pat sighed. "Could a man believe that I want that you go, Shaven. Not until the gold's in my hand."

"Ye precious little gold will buy?" Shaven said. "But we'll talk of that later. A toast to Dublin?"

They drank it and another toast to County Kerry and another to Galway Bay, and yet another to James Kilmanan, whoever he might be, and the solitary potter haunted past so rarely after such.

The lapel-shawl was wapping his beard and tapping out a jig with his feet when the girl walked in.

Not walked, mostly—more like floated as petals do on a calm eye. All stream. Her smoothed hair was black and silky as a crow's wing, and her eyes—oh, her eyes the mirror blue of Loughsides. She came with skin of her, and these white eyes—

"Father!" she said. "I've gorged—and with one o' them!"

"Peggy, no drink!" Shaven said. "Ye captured I am, and he wants on the pot of gold. Not a bad sort, I only wish take his great paw off me brother."

Peggy stamped her tiny foot, and the movement sent ripples over her body. And a fine body it was. Pat thought hardly. So firm and strong, with a fine balance as it. Her breasts were high and full under a tight bodice; her hips flared as they should, and the legs—long, golden and tapered past so.

Pat blinked and shook his head. If Peggy was the lapel-shawl's daughter, she shouldn't be so tall. These young ones had no right being nearly level with his own. Or should they? Gentle whiskey flowed heat through his stomach, and Pat Dugan wasn't so sure about anything.

"And you'll be the washman?" Peggy asked, her voice silver bells chiming across his hills.

Pat drew in a deep breath and recognized the silver. It had been her woman's coat he recalled when first he entered the cave—darkish, damasked and something else, something hairy-magee and compelling.

"I—Jim Patrick Dugan," he said. "I'm strong as his horse knee."

"Ye old raggs with a bad raggs!" Peggy said. "Patrick Dugan ye say?"

The name cut's sweet off the tongue."

Pat's throat recoiled and touched her. Heathed the that brown path against her blouse. Peggy's ripe mouth and something, and her eyes something else. Pat's arm reached around her, and the softly rounded body crested tightly to his.

The cover faded with the first hungry touch of her lips. Pat in the distance, Shaven shuddered, but they paid no attention. Their very stars above and around them, and they were sharing their blood.

Peggy's hair badly blossomed out of its staining, wandering and glowing. The thighs were sweet traps and her hips wild, twisting. Shaven. The stage danced among the spinning stars and silver bells and it leapt over their locked bodies and discovered they rose through them.

Steady, suggestively, the world came back. But it could never be the same old world. There would forever be a touch of magic to it, the most distant trail of soft and sparkling across the night.

Peggy's crabbed-pink lips moved away from his, and Pat opened his eyes. From the next entrance, he heard the clatter of Shaven's spurs on stone.

Peggy no wonder! The fire in her eyes still father from the slush as if you remember but ye did not have to go so far."

The girl's midnight lashes flared, and her eyes opened still colorless with remembered joy.

"Peggy, I say!" Shaven was baying up and down outside the cave. "There are ye blackhearted scoundrel! Turn him out of there!"

She replied and leaped her mouth slowly across Pat's ear.

"You three thousand, Dubliners," Shaven called. "I found ye. The potter said it. Ye're no bigger than we are, and the gold will do ye no good."

Pat stared at the cave. It was big as that it had been. Whatever magic the potter held, it had been sufficient. The huge size of his crumbled points told him that much.

"Ye greedy gorgers!" Shaven yelled from outside. "No pot of gold for ye—ye hear?"

Pat left the warm magic of the woman at his wrist, the fiery woman of sweet thighs and wild hips. Peggy of the firm round breasts and bonny mouth.

"I found the treasure," he said.
"What? What? Puggles-ya didn't
give him the gold?"

Her mouth stretched along Fat's
cheek. Fat called out to the old man
outside. "Keep your gold, Stew-
die and treasure to your daughter."

There was silence then, for a mo-
ment. "Father," Puggles said, "take
yourself off down the front outside."

"Patsie," Stewie said, "yeh sure
y're an Orangutan!"

"Indeed, I told you," Fat said, as
the woman stared, at the flame of

her fingered at her own nose.

"Oh well," Stewie said, his voice
fading away down the hill. "It could
have been worse, I suppose."

"It couldn't be better," Fat said
niftily as he met Puggles's mouth.

THE END





Gettysburg, Salted Sea, where you
 witness of background, right, while
 down and in the right too picture
 the needed, heavily-stained legs
 clearly provides us with a true sense
 of the atmosphere.



With nothing but sunlight to lighten the picture, the photographer here has worked up an alluring scene of nature by allowing the model full freedom of motion so that her poses were naturally discovered while she collected among the natural surroundings.



Left, studio shots with rock for secondary attraction while slanting movement and other features stand out in hard work of camera. Tensest look of broadly arranged action above reveals one of a painted fish but on the other long wide mark interest as a composition.

Stretch as square as the area wide beauty is any further regardless of the model's measurements but this is especially true in a large sized girl.



Single size bathing suit model and the perfect look, certainly contribute something to these two pictures but the real test is the concept and the article is the upward above actually distinct upon closer scrutiny.



Then she resumed, she had in a robe made of black transparent material (ILLUSTRATED BY BOB GORDON)

CALL ME

John

NO UNSKILLED LABOR IN THIS SELF-MADE MAN

By WILLIAM C. WATSON

I took a glass of the spout beer. Then a drink of the whiskey. Then a lot of chicken and a glass of wine. I was enjoying my new body. It was as much fun having one as I had thought.

I had just taken another piece of the food and was reaching for the whiskey when I heard something behind me.

"Then there's beer and some-body's eating my porridge."

I was alarmed because although I didn't know the meaning of porridge, I did know what a bear was. I had seen some of the men when I first came here and the thought of what an angry female bear might do to my new new body was chilling.

I turned around and saw not a female bear but a somewhat bear female.

"Where did you come from?" she asked.

I looked at her with some interest. She was small, roundish, I guessed, to about my shoulder. Her hair was as dark as the mud beyond the store in contrast to a beautifully white skin. There was quite a lot of that skin to be seen, because the dress she wore was rather inadequate at the top.

"Do you mean originally or just prior to entering your house?" I asked politely.

"That," she said. Her eyes were as blue as the midnight sky and she was looking at me curiously. Looking at her I began to sense of a peculiar though pleasant sensation. It was apparent that there were some things I didn't know about my new body.

"It's a long story," I said.

"It isn't," the girl said. "But we've got plenty of time." She sat down and poured out some whiskey. "But first tell me your name."

"Call me John," I said. Going around before I had my body I had often heard people laughingly refer to dear John letters and jerk laughing when they said they were going to THE JOHN, so I thought that the John must be a very popular fellow.

"The last name wouldn't be South would it," she asked.

"Just John, Missa Here," I said.

"My name's Rhonda," she laughed. I stood politely to acknowledge the introduction and then noticed that a peculiar phenomenon had taken place which the small greenish transparent garment I wore could not conceal.

"Goodness," Rhonda exclaimed. "If I didn't see that myself I wouldn't believe it. You certainly do have an appropriate name."

I didn't know what she meant, but I took it for a compliment, so I smiled modestly. "Oh, excuse this garment, it rather tight," I apologized. "In fact it seems to be tighter than when I first put it on." I was thinking that there were some things about my new body I didn't know about. And Rhonda seemed to have something to do with it.

"Greeny green garments are a bit unusual for men," Rhonda said. "But I must admit that no you they are most impressive. And the color matches your eyes."

"Do you like them?" I asked eagerly. "At first I thought I would have ruby red eyes, but they don't seem to be popular."

"No," Rhonda said. "I can't remember when I last saw ruby red eyes except to an angry flaming one. And you certainly aren't that."

"Oh, no," I assured her. "But I could have been if I wanted to. But I thought the body would be better I went around showing what you Earth people like best to wear. You know, tail, masculine, handsome—then I tried to approximate these things."

"And you can do," she said. "To one suggest you succeeded the previous more than believably."

"Oh, you mean that?" I said, looking down. "I tried and I tried that I couldn't get it right."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," she said. "It depends on the way you look at it."

I poured some whiskey because this liquid seemed to help me to prove myself. "Now I'll explain how I came to enter your house."

"That will be interesting," Rhonda said. "But you can tell me after."

"After what?" I asked.

"Oh," she said. "You really must have come from far away? Don't they know anything where you come from?"

"Oh, we know lots of things. We're very advanced."

"You haven't done much advancing since you've been here," she retorted. "I'm going to make myself more comfortable."

When she returned she had on a robe made of a black transparent material. Her whole body glowed through it. I wondered if the whiskey was making me so warm.

Continued on Page 32

CALL ME JOHN

Continued from Page 19

"I think I'll have some of that over here!" Rhonda said. She was standing close to me and when she bent down her breast rubbed up my shoulder. As she curved a shiver from the point her breast rubbed against my shoulder in a way that was very pleasant. "It's going to be a long night—I hope—and I'm a growing girl, and I have to keep up my strength."

"Growing?" I asked. "I haven't so tired."

"Growing, yes, indeed," she said. "You certainly are a heavy fellow. Any other man would be trying to make me."

"Make you?" I asked in surprise. "Why should I? You have a very nice body, I don't think I could do any better."

"It's very sweet of you to say so," she said and sat down beside me.

"While we sit and do nothing," I said. "When I got to Earth I didn't have a body. I was what you call a disembodied intelligence. On my planet it is not that a body would be needed at no time at all."

"I feel pretty hot myself right now," Rhonda said.

"But when I reached Earth I decided that having a body would give me some interesting problems in a disembodied intellect."

"And you are it right," she said. "But I don't understand how you got that gorgeous body."

"Well, I went around observing people without the things that are most admired in men," I explained. "Like I told you."

"Why didn't you decide to be a woman?" Rhonda asked.

"Oh, but that wouldn't be proper," I said, blushing. "After all, I was a male intellect."

"I'm certainly glad to hear you say so," Rhonda said. "Even though you haven't demonstrated it so far."

"After I was sure I knew what I should look like I went to that park near your house. There's a deep thicket there so I went in and started to materialize a body. You can see that's how we get things done on my planet, by mind force."

"You did very well," she said. "Oh, it wasn't easy to get everything right," I said. "Once I had two hands and that seemed rather ridiculous. Then another part seemed too



large or hard by starting standards. But try as I would, I couldn't get it right."

"At last I have met a really self-made man," Rhonda said. "I think you did a wonderful job."

"Then I tried to materialize some clothes," I said. "But that didn't work out at all. Just some ridiculous scraps of material that didn't cover me at all. So there I was stuck in that thicket, afraid to move. Then I heard someone—a young couple came into the thicket. They didn't see me because they seemed to be preoccupied with some mysterious business. It must have been some nature film they were performing. First the young man pulled the girl down to the ground. He kept doing things with his lips and hands and then he took off her dress. It was very puzzling."

"Oh I can tell you about that," she said. "It's really very simple. You see you—"

"Oh, thank you," I said. "Naturally, I am interested in learning all these things."

"Well, first of all, there are certain preliminaries," Rhonda said and sat on my lap.

"Uh—uh," I seemed to be having difficulty in concentrating. "Don't you want to know what I did first?"

"No," she said. "Well, all right, but don't take it right. She started to press against me and do things that were rather disturbing."

"After she drew me off, the girl took all these—what you call poses. As they seemed to be very hot I gazed at the clothes, because I thought they would be better than nothing. But the man popped up and all I got was the pants. Then I ran for your house because it was the only one that was dark."

I don't think Rhonda was paying any attention to what I was saying. And as another moment I didn't feel like talking any more. Somehow or other I found myself in the room that Earth people use for sleeping.

And then I found myself doing what the young man in the thicket had been doing. I knew Rhonda—my hands seemed to know what to do.

After a while she drew me close to her again. "John," she whispered. "You certainly are a self-made man. And what a job you did!"

THE END



With only two pictures on hand of this model, we were faced with a problem. We introduced her as a wild man.

we on Page 3 and then brought her on full force for a grand finale here.



To avoid any misapprehension of the many incidents or incidents to picture we asked this model to do something very unusual outdoors to add variety to our magazine. She obliged by cheerfully taking a shower after each careful thought which is actually pictured, for sight.





SHEER

SUNNY DEAN



GLENDY GRAHAM

SHEER



This dark-haired gladiator was chosen as the female sensation at the Venice. She is not new to our eyes, since she was our cover girl last season. This time, however, she is featured in the center color picture on the most hot-selling pages.

Here again the model is wearing in a sparkling light and still seems to catch much of its sparkle even in black and white photography. There is very little really dramatic hair but the model carries the three pictures with her own variety in pose and expression.





Session with better model really calls our high gear in the studio, like a hot in different. Quickly down "Real" captures the essence of our beauty, alone. Upon right with her in drawing and body gracefully flows into the setting number, when for a wild photograph.





Best picture of our era and probably the best silhouette study in the book shows a modern day male hunter about to release an arrow in an intriguing final study that uses this study brings out every valuing scene the

would a moment. Set on the beautiful sunset lighting in this picture that will offer a challenge to every photographer that is worthy enough to endeavor to try something like this

FOR LOVE OF MONEY

(ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ALEXANDER)

By DON BOWELL

"Lord, what a stupid character!" He looked hard at a clock of date as he sat out his lunch. He talked about to himself as he walked. "If that stupid foreman hadn't kept waiting, no way I would've been asleep."

He had just been fired from his job. The foreman had been watching him work all morning. Dick couldn't stand being watched when he was working. The boss had asked him to come into the office. Dick knew what was coming.

"You don't seem to be able to handle the job. Dick, I'm sorry but we're going to have to let you go. I suggest you try something else—something less exciting than our chess shop work."

Dick had lowered his eyes and mumbled something incoherent. "Here's your check, Dick." Dick reached for the check and his hand trembled. "Yeah, thanks." He left and as he walked toward the bus line every step increased his frustration.

After being fired from a job was nothing new to him. He was thirty-three years old and had yet to hold a job for more than a few weeks. Not that he was stupid or without approach, but wasn't. In fact he was above average in intelligence. From first ten inches with a slim, but well-proportioned build, he was quiet and possessed with an all too ideal imagination. Dick would be classed as an "introvert" by the hard sciences.

As far back as he could remember he had been tortured by doubts. As a boy he would cry in anguish to his mother. "Ma, I just can't stick to one thing. I'm afraid I'll make mistakes and people will laugh at me."

As time his attitude changed. He would feel great waves of self-confidence. It was at these times that he annoyed himself. He had no trouble finding work when those moods of apprehension were on him. But his moods were capricious. Within a short time he would again feel the shadow of pessimism and fear or self-doubt.

Could you come with me, Dick, to my apartment?

MONEY MAY NOT BE EVERYTHING BUT SOMETIMES IT HELPS

His personality changed without reason. He had various personal theories as to the reasons for his volatility. In an attempt to rationalize he would explain, from time to time, to his best friend Don Fossan. "You know Don, I think sometimes that I've got a devil in me that demands perfect balance of my act but I feel a phony man that fits me perfectly. For every moment we spend in benevolent bliss—we spend an equal moment in self-absorption time."

He walked from the bus to his house. He entered, walked into his room, and flopped on the bed. He felt overcast again, but his house was teeming with conflicting thoughts. He pulled a lever and made his mind revolve about him, a mysterious wheel of fortune, a merry-go-round of memory, a pink-way sphere of wisdom, hate and happiness.

The sphere stopped suddenly. He leaped from the bed and pointed up the telephone. With nervous fingers, he dialed and his lips moved in a silent prayer "Is there Don in there?"

"Hi bubble, how about meeting me at the post. I'm thirsty for some love." Apparently the answer was affirmative. His face broke into a smile. He seemed to gain new strength as he showered and shaved.

The saggos of goodness would do after a couple of cold beers from the warmth of companionship would be his and life would have a sweet taste in his mouth—at least for a little while.

He walked several blocks to "the cat." Don's car was parked in front. He walked in. Don was sitting at the bar-nail parlor.

"Let down bubble, and tell a cold one before you say anything."

Dick and Don were in different moods at night and day. Dick spent and absorbed Don's advice without note and acknowledgment.

"They were inseparable friends. Dick was fascinated by his bubble. 'Don't give a damn' attitude, his acceptance of things, his effective adaptability."

"What happened to the job, get married?"

"Yeah, the stupid woman kept on my tail all morning. You know how I go for that crap."

They drank and soaked enjoying themselves, listening to an argument between two drunks. The drinks left, arguing violently as they walked out.

Don laughed. "Binge is a strange disease. Dick, it became the trigger then the mind and became the soul."

Dick smiled "You parties very pretty. By the way, how's the book coming?" Don was a writer and a good one.

Although he was gregarious he was also the sensitive type, busy with life. He was a creative man (personally), and the instinct to him to play the game of life was strong. In that one respect he was similar to Dick. They were both alive, painfully alive, to the great unworldly things.

Dick looked over at his friend who seemed deep in thought. "I said, how goes the writing?"

"Oh, my book, you mean that great, I'm half finished."

"What are you going to do with all the last year publication pressure?"

"I've been wanting to talk to you about that Dick." Don looked away and sensitive.

"Yeah, what's on your mind?"

"How about going on that trip to the South Sea, we've been talking about for so many years."

"Are you serious bubble?"

"Well you the trip will help me gather material for my next book. The islands are loaded with atmosphere and color and that's what I need."

"Sounds great! I'm ready to go any time you are, and I'll pay you back some day."

"Don't worry about paying me back. What's mine is yours."

Dick drained his glass. He stared with unseeing eyes into the mirror behind the bar. A procession of tiny, gray objects passed in review. Fresh sea bright islands where work was unnecessary and one lived off the fat of the land. His perspective narrowed to one island—a native girl was walking with him through a palm jungle. The girl was lovely. All the trees of the tree leaned and lived in the splendor of her flesh. All the shadows of persons slept in the night of her hair. They were happy—living the simple life. She

gave him strength and confidence. Don, alternated with hand play had developed him. The lines of tension were on his face and in his walking posture. Another was the primordial vigor of life.

"You're working a lot harder, Dick." Dick jumped with a start. "What, oh yeah, I wonder more than ever when I'm lonely."

"You should get out more. Stop hanging around the house when you're not working."

"I know the place goes on the ground, but I feel kind of lost when I'm out alone."

Don's heart softened at his friend's humble confession. He thought to himself, "The guy is not in a dull mood." His writer's disengagement came to the surface. Such persons as Dick are so lonely begin making solitary in the wrong way far from the earth and its returning freight of gregarious life.

A sleep looking blonde walked in and sat down near Don. Dick had gone to the men's room. The blonde waited on him. She leaned over towards him and whispered "How would you like a little party for just two dollars?"

Suddenly Don had an idea. He hurriedly gave her detailed instructions and then slipped her a twenty. The model "OK, I don't get it, but OK, Twenty dollar bills are made me real cooperative."

Dick returned and Don got up. "Let's sit down in a booth and be comfortable." As they headed for the booth Don called the girl. "Come on over blonde, and join us in a drink."

The girl got up and walked over to them. She returned "blonde" looked at them rather closely and sat down beside Dick. She played the part Don had suggested but, to perfection. She was politely strong and when Don spoke, he easily listened to Don's self conscious statements. Later she dropped her head lightly on his leg. "I like you Dick, you're so quiet."

Dick was embarrassed but pleased.

Don was surprised at the girl's sincerity. She was playing her part like a professional actress. She seemed genuinely fond of his friend. She was telling Dick how much she disliked the usual type that used women to raise the level of their own inflated ego. She glanced at Don as she made the remark and he smiled at her.

Continued on Page 12

FOR LOVE OR MONEY

Continued from Page 10

Their conversation was flexible and ran the gamut from books, to movie-drama lovers to women. Don was surprised at her intelligence. She was quick with answers, and able to cope with Dick's snide remarks about them.

Don asked himself, "How did she get on this pretentious stuff? She's got lots of class and a good mind." Then he made a show of glancing maliciously at his watch.

"The sorry to have to leave you people but I've got an appointment and I'm a bit late already."

A look of concern crossed Ducky's face and he started to rise. The blonde, her name was Paula, pulled on his arm and said "You don't have to leave-do you?"

Dick flushed and stammered "No, I guess not."

Don left and checked to himself as he drove off "I never thought I'd play cupid but, anything goes if I can help Dick."

Dick found that conversation with Paula came easily. She seemed to draw him out of himself. As the hours passed they became more intimate and exchanged confidences.

They were handsome people and responded to each other like a vortex in the hands of a master. There was no inhibition in their personalities. Their ideas, their likes and dislikes blended in one.

"Do you like poetry, Dick?"

"Some of it, and some of it seems so unnecessary and glib."

"How do you like this one?" All stars out! Life and love, like night and day, after darkness to us on their terms, not ours. Accept their twenty while ye may, before we be accepted by the sun."

"That's great stuff. I like it very much."

His interest pleased beyond words and her eyes became misty. They looked at each other and felt humbled at what was happening to them. They were in love. The center of their world was in harmony.

"Would you come with me, Dick, to my apartment? I have several things to tell you."

Words passed before Dick could say anything.

"Where the devil have you been Dick?"

"That's a long story, Don. I'll meet you at 'the joint' at ten tomorrow if you can make it."

"Don't you make it, but where have you been, what's happened?"

Dick laughed. "I'll see you in ten minutes and tell you all about it."

Don smiled in "the joint." Dick and Paula were sitting in a booth smiling. They laughed at his well-timed suggestion when they told him they were married. Paula reached out and handed Don a crumpled twenty dollar bill.

"Thanks, Don. That twenty dollar bill brought Dick and I together. We'll always be grateful to you for everything." Then Dick pulled a check out of his wallet and showed it to Don. "You'll never guess how

I made that money, Don."

"Well come on, out with it, what's all the mystery?"

They surrounded him at a couple of overgrown kids with a secret. He could see that they were happy and his heart went out to them.

Paula broke the news "Dick's writing for the magazine. I convinced him that with his imagination and temperament he should be paid. I'm typing his stuff for him. He said his very first piece. Guess what he used for a title."

Don shrugged and seemed surprised but happy.

"Twenty Dollars!"

THE END



"DEAR, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME."



"I SUPPOSE YOU GOT SOME GOOD EXCUSE FOR BEING OUT OF UNIFORM?"



"...AND THE BODY COMES EQUIPPED WITH ALL THE ACCESSORIES FOR YOUR PLEASURE!"



This model posed sitting with a legless, pants, a corset, corset and skirt, and then took the second type of outdoor look to combine her all the successful elements into our pages.

The three pictures combined in these two pages were shot up a different time than the two in which side. No more that the last is the latter in the center one where it shows more posing.





Such mistakes of amateur class often cause one to do a double take since the lightness of a model's features of skin often little contrast against with the background. The expression on of some good singer is the 'looking' some show the look of a free glass cup to the press camera, first of pressing the lens.





A body that will have stirring such pictures to you
fall right and let a man if you agree with the image
the placed the image photo an artistic. The image will
be and will more good, for both, the time and out-

standing others had their own and the leader gave
more fun. The image was shown partly in the past
and current of the model a figure which would have
to be judged as the best all-around nude figure study.

DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS

FEED THE RULES OF THE GAME

By CLAUDE SELLERS

(—warning, like Katrina, prove an expert on life. Even then it can be dangerous.)

"Admit you ahead of looking the law?" Katrina asked.

The man propped and twisted a dark face over his shoulder to look at her. Then he laughed.

"You had me going for a second," he said, "but I don't think a lady and would turn me in for looking pointers to a hungry monkey."

Katrina flicked a red tipped finger at the man on the cage. "Do not feed the animals," she quoted, and knew his eyes weren't following her finger, but sliding across her light blouse instead.

"Suppose I had been a lady and?" she asked.

He was frankly appalled the smooth sweep of her legs, the trim modeling of her legs.

"I'd consent a real crime," he said "just to be arrested."

There it comes, Katrina thought the pet conversation that seldom changed. The present man seemed all repeated the same way.

"You don't plan to feed that poor monkey all those nuts do you?" She glanced quickly at the hapless leg in his hand.

Strange, she thought. Usually she wouldn't have pegged this joke as a ruse. He was a bit too young, with a well-bred mouth that she had seen him put a penny from a steady fold of lips at the prison stand and tried him here to make her catch.

He held out the leg. "Have some?"

"Oh no," she laughed. "Too filthy enough now."

His eyes brightened. "May I buy you a drink instead?"

Katrina hesitated just long enough. "After all," he said, "we're better acquainted. You're supposed to be just me, you know."

Her laugh was provoked. "There must be some small point on that one, I suppose?"

His eyes twinkled at her. "To those away the prison."

"A monkey," she said, then, "is Katrina."

Using her real name was a hint she had developed. No one would ever believe she had told the truth.

Katrina passed the worn length of her thigh against his

(ILLUSTRATED BY - JOHN BOWMAN)

the clown laughed in his face when the dark man told her his name was John.

"Is he you?" she said, and smiled.

In a nearby bar, Katrina went mechanically through her bag of tricks. She leaned a little too far across the table, she didn't move away when her knees brushed there, and she let him order drinks too easily.

His eyes never stopped staring over her, but Katrina was used to that; the lower his eyes were she taking notice of her clothes, cheeks in response. Very plainly, their response completely sank. Clean.

Her eyes were sad, too. Long ago she had learned that men shied away from a pickup who looked the part. Therefore, a smart girl avoided the professional look.

John's fingers danced constantly near the level of salt peanuts on the table, and Katrina nervously stopped her legs from twitching.

That one would be easy. Most John was if they were picked up at a bar or an apartment, or a cross-patient children. There was a host of peanuts waiting in Katrina's room now, next to the bottle of excellent whiskey.

Of course, these peanuts saved the loud people left to nowhere. They were special, because Katrina was a specialist in the care of alcohol hydrates. And if that sleep-producing stuff didn't tempt a John to its innocent surroundings, there was the locked bottle, and badly the needle.

Under the table she nudged back with a splayed nose. That needle would go for some part of the waiting layout. That was three fourths dark now, and the peanut bowl was empty.

"Katrina," John said, and the thick-set on his voice wasn't all from the drink. "can you tell me, can we go somewhere by alone?"

Katrina let her lips fall open and breathed later. "I-I don't know. I shouldn't make strangers and-but the non-animals-do something to me. They scare me."

That was the stranger that never failed to clear up the reason the "old girl" let herself be picked up so easily. It might then feel safer.

"Yes, too," John said. "Want to go to my place?"

His hand stroked her forearm and Katrina quivered, she was pretty good at quivering.

"Oh, no," she said. "My own apartment is close by, and it's, well, decent."

His teeth flashed against the tan of his skin. "Let's go."

In the soft corner elevator of the apartment building, Katrina pressed the worn length of her thigh against him. He might, she thought, go for another drink. If he did, should he bring this cage back down in minutes—close.

She pushed the John, waking up, and the manager taking him out, a young lady lives in that apartment, but she only visited it yesterday, and hasn't moved her things in yet.

That made the door the honey-trader were there for the John to see—the cute stalked mouth on the couch, the bottle and bowl of peanuts in open suspension.

He was in a hurry, as they all were. She let him fit her career to his body for a moment, then pulled slowly away.

"Let's have another drink," she said. "I'll get some too."

Watching, she could see his mouth harden, his eyes grow wary. They were usually cautious about strangers, not always but usually.

"You go ahead," he said. "I've had enough."

"Okay," she said, and took the bottle into the kitchen. She mixed a tall drink from a smaller bottle and brought it back into the living room.

"Here's to the lively animals," she said, and took a long swallow.

His eyes widened. "I'll split that with you."

She held out that glass to him, waiting, watching as he drank half the drink. When she finished her half, he moved his hands out to the corner of her hips.

Now she would be so strong. Katrina relaxed and allowed herself to rest under his hands. His legs were warm and firm, and Katrina playfully got out of hand.

She helped him with the bottle on the light blouse, and took into the couch. With one pointed hand she linked a needle chain off onto the floor. She needed the room.

Later, she sat up and reached for her glass. "After that," she sighed. "I need another drink. A real wild animal aren't at the zoo?"

He watched her along back into the blouse and followed the undulating roll of her hips as she smoothed her skirt into place.

"I'll split another one with you," he offered.

She held a smile in place. They were always so careful about who they didn't they realize there were other ways too.

"Sure," she said. "I'll make a tall one. The cigarettes are on the table. Light one for me, will you?"

The cigarettes were so much away from the level of peanuts.

Katrina took her time in the kitchen, setting out water running water into the sink. When she came out again, she expected to see her face down on the rug, but he wasn't.

She composed her face and asked him with the glass. "Is it?"

Her other hand was behind her back, cradling the hypodermic. She took a big drink of the lightbulb, thinking it out. Give her a little time—enough to finish the drink, and then the needle. Flirtingly, she wondered why he hadn't gone for the peanuts.

He took the glass from her hand. "To a last meeting," he said, and lifted the glass to his mouth.

Katrina smiled lightly at him as he offered the glass again.

Then he suddenly twisted the lock-room door. "Do you mind?"

Katrina had difficulty keeping the smile in place. "Oh, no."

The door closed behind him, and she turned off the rest of the light bulb. That one was being difficult. This one was wary, sure, but the needle would take care of that, all right.

She took a long time in the lock-room, and Katrina leaned back against the couch pillows, the hypodermic at her side. She was tired. Her eyelids fluttered, but she forced them open as the door opened.

"Sleepy?" he asked.

She shook her head. The room seemed happy for some reason.

He leaned over her, and she lifted one hand slowly up at him. She had to get him down close. But he moved back, her wary and out of focus. His voice came at her out of a long corridor, echoing.

"You're smart, baby—very smart. The peanuts are a gimmick. I'll have to remember."

She twisted out the hypodermic, straining to hear his words.

"Thank-the-needle too, huh? It figured. And one locked bottle of whiskey and one good one was that all?"

Continued on Page 66

DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS

Continued from Page 39

Katrina tried to say something but her tongue wouldn't move in glad!

"But here's something you'd bet

ter crackers," he said from a great distance, "alcohol hydrate comes in little coated tablets, two per the right way to hold under your tongue when you're sipping a drink. You just let it slide out into the hall you don't drink."

Awkwardly, Katrina brought her hands up very close to her face. She wanted to see her good diamonds—her oval rings—put more noise in the gathering darkness.

She knew they wouldn't be there when she woke up.

THE END





I'VE GOT TO SAY ONE THING FOR YOU...
YOU'RE CERTAINLY BROAD MINDED"



Ed Johnson



"WHERE IS 'YOU ARE THERE' BROADCASTING FROM TODAY, DEAR?"



Photographer was watching carefully for interesting angles during his shooting, often working above or below the model such as this three-quarter view. One can be used with the nude figure for variety but can actually detract if one is not taken with the lighting effects.



Taking the last step in the wet, model finally went
 flat to her feet as she stood high with the textured
 background illuminated mainly on the rear as she
 the model appears nearly unlighted. The girl below
 can be actually seen through the mist in the background.





Having the model to climb down on the rocks and then brought to mind the many problems that make up this layout. Costumes

should be changed as often as backgrounds although that is, of course, not as true as the old ad figure told.

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